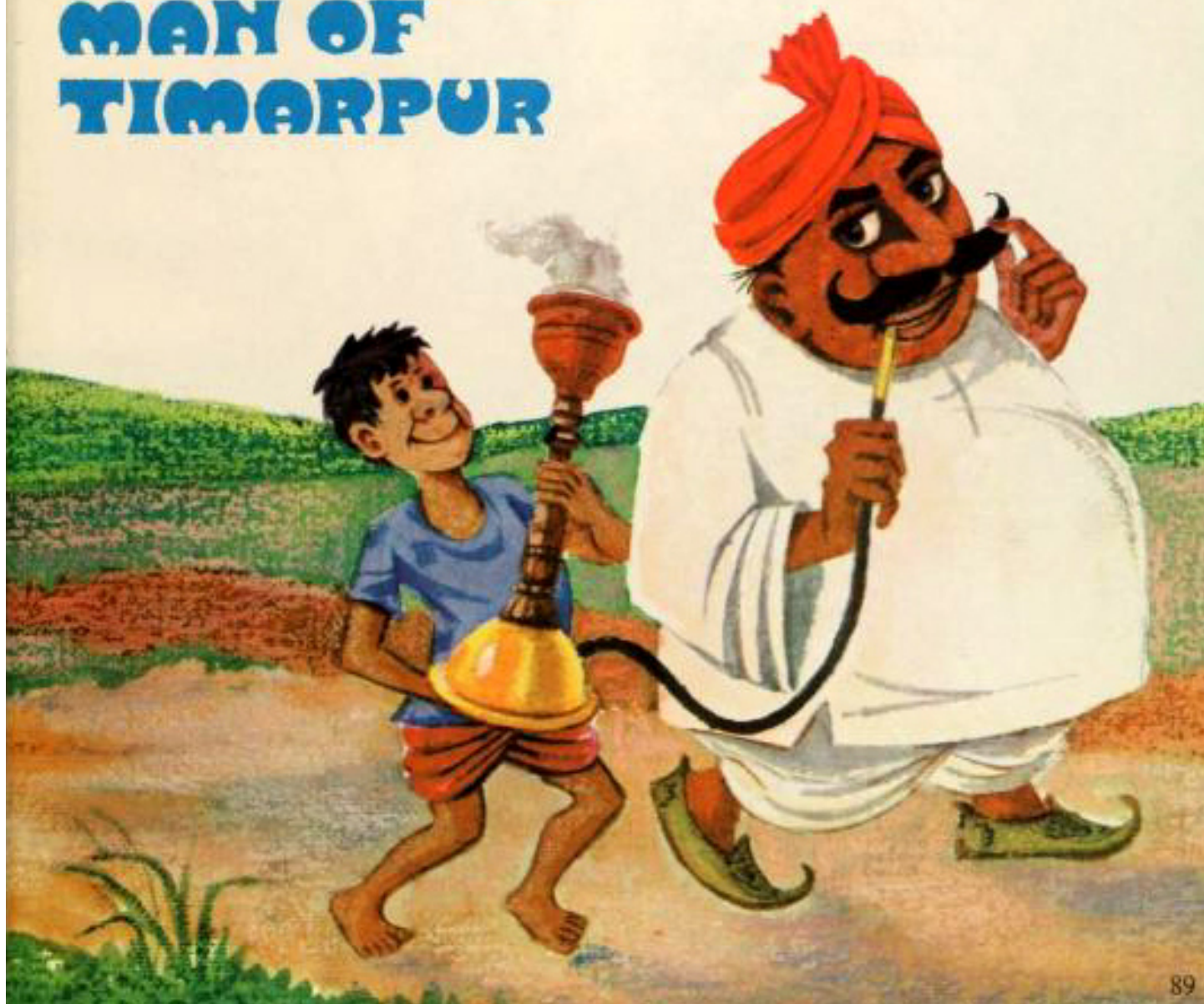
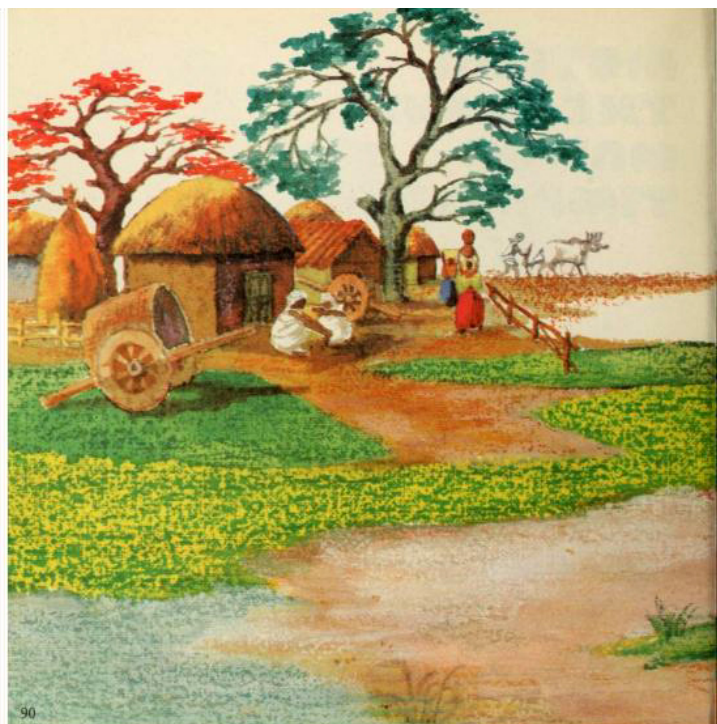
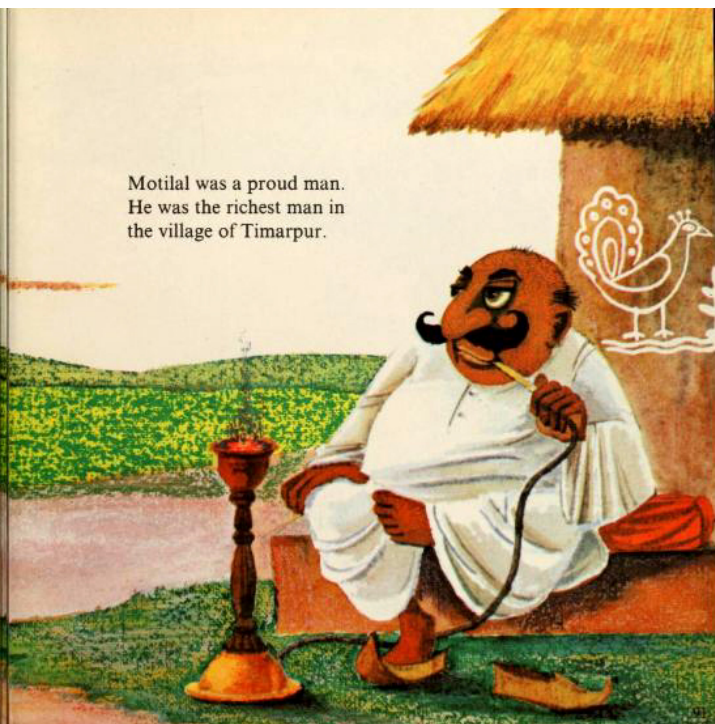


MOTILAL THE PROUD MAN OF TIMARPUR





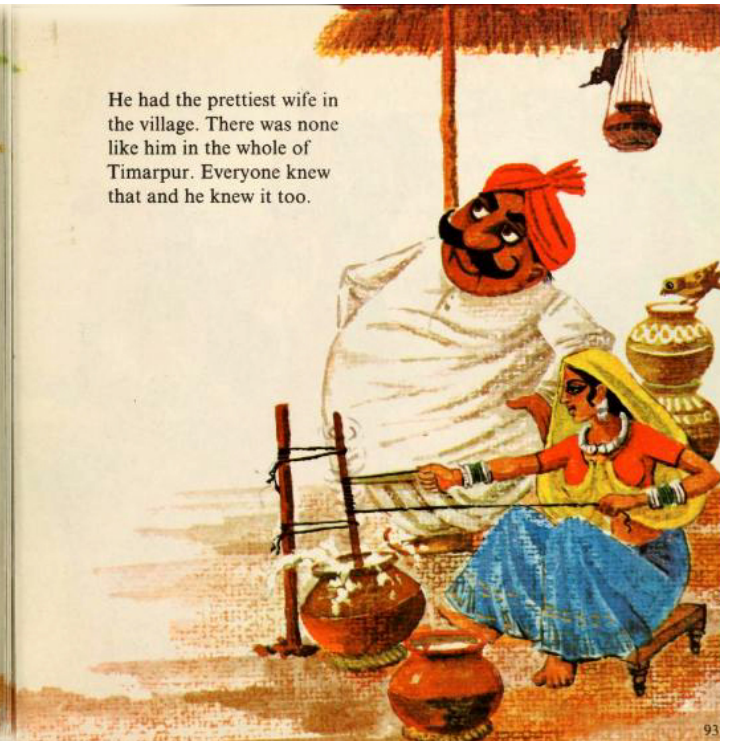
Motilal was a proud man.
He was the richest man in
the village of Timarpur.

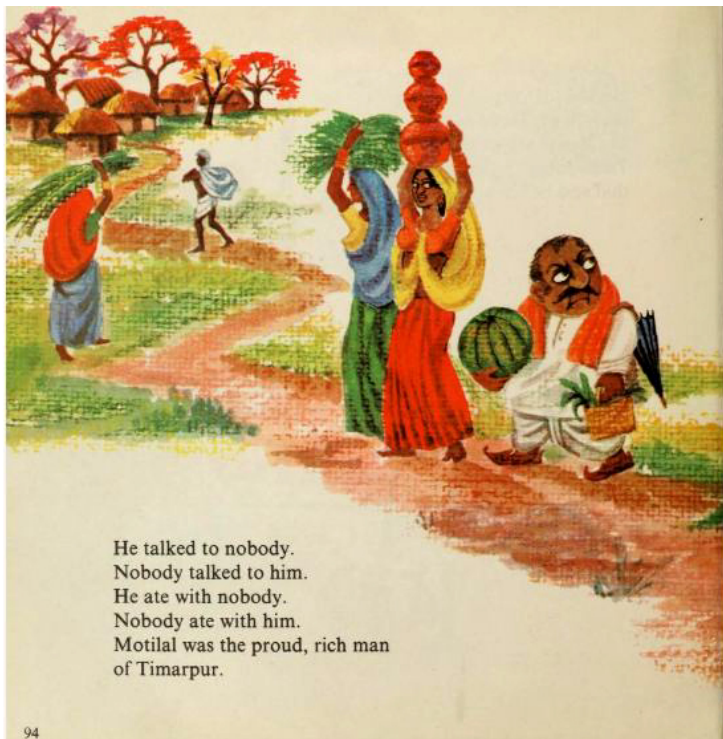




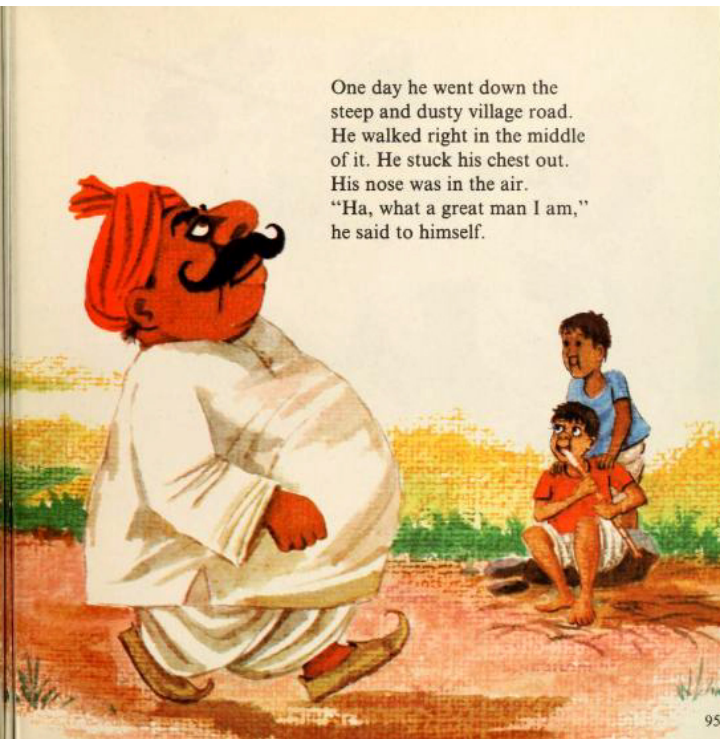
He had many cows.
He had buffaloes.
He had goats.
He had a cart.
He had a big house.
He had lots of land.
He had all the things that a
rich man in a village can
have.

He had the prettiest wife in
the village. There was none
like him in the whole of
Timarpur. Everyone knew
that and he knew it too.

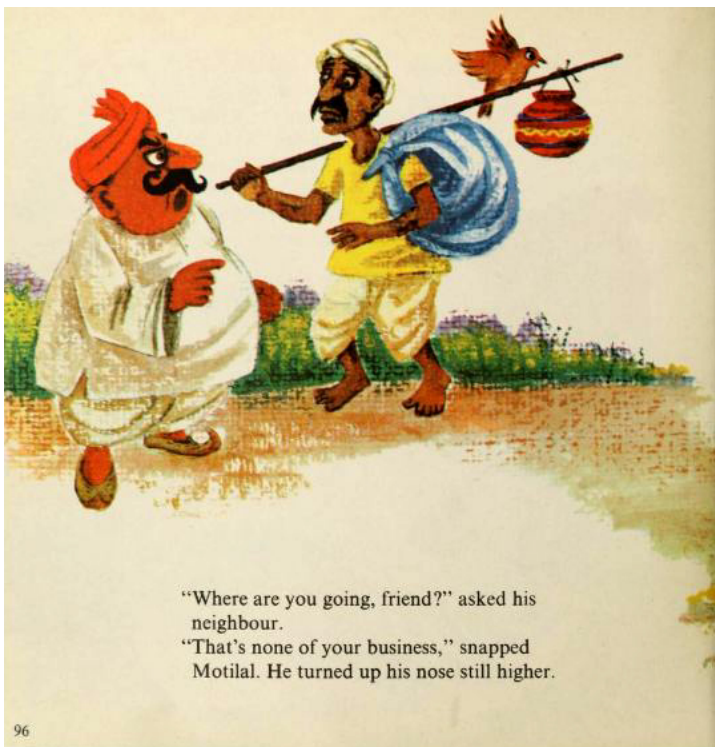




He talked to nobody.
 Nobody talked to him.
 He ate with nobody.
 Nobody ate with him.
 Motilal was the proud, rich man
 of Timarpur.



One day he went down the
 steep and dusty village road.
 He walked right in the middle
 of it. He stuck his chest out.
 His nose was in the air.
 "Ha, what a great man I am,"
 he said to himself.



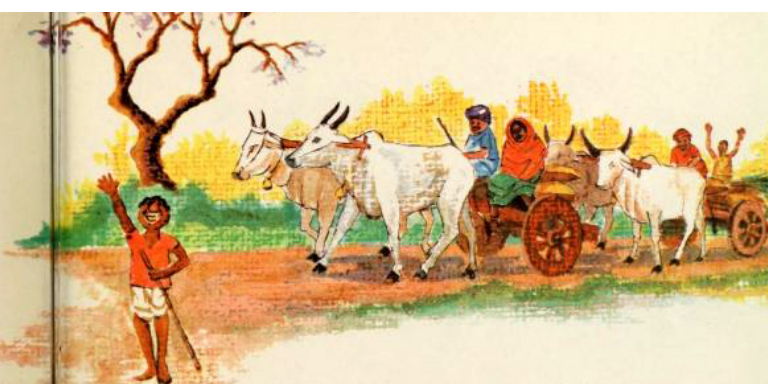
"Where are you going, friend?" asked his neighbour.
"That's none of your business," snapped Motilal. He turned up his nose still higher.

A child ran by and bumped into him.
"You dirty boy, look where you're going," shouted Motilal and gave him a slap.
"Don't you know who I am?"
"Yes, I do," cried the child, "You're Motilal, the proud man of Timarpur."



Motilal walked on. His nose was in the air.
He couldn't see where he was going.
Suddenly there was a huge

SPLASH !!!



Where's Motilal now? . . .
He's fallen in the mud.
With a great big thud.
What a maddening muddle.
He's plopped in the puddle.
People passed by in their carts.
They turned their faces away to
hide their laughter. But a small
boy shouted with joy. Motilal was
stunned. "How can a thing like
this happen to me?" he thought.



"Help, help," he cried, "Get me out of here before I drown." But nobody answered him. Nobody came to help Motilal.

So, he scrambled out. What a sight he was!
His hair was dirty.
His face was filthy.
His clothes in a frightful mess.
Then he wiped himself.
And he shook himself.
But he only made it worse.

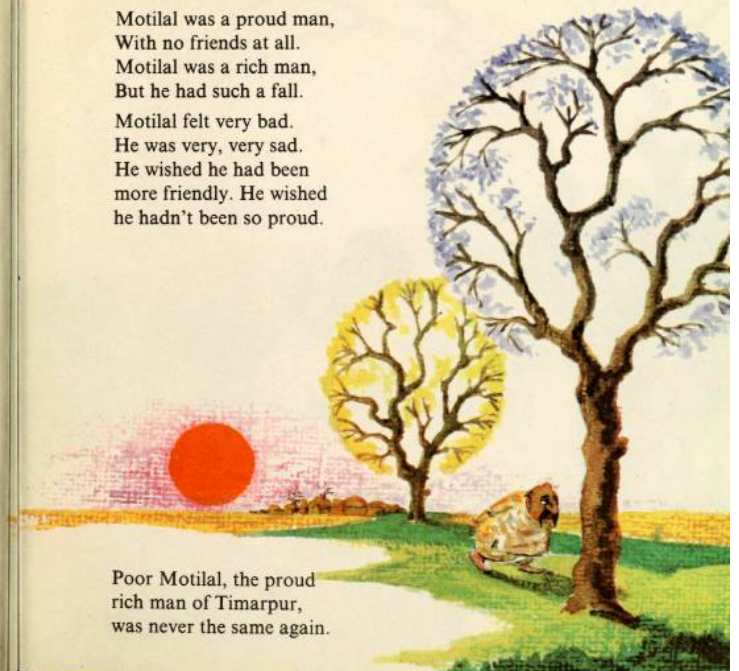
Now Motilal walked along the edge of the road. His head was bent low. He hoped that no one would know him. But the children saw him. They ran after him laughing and shouting, "There goes great Motilal of Timarpur."





Motilal had mud in his nose. He had mud in his ears. He had mud in his eyes. Motilal was one big lump of mud. He couldn't see where he was going. He tripped over stones and bumped into trees. He broke his nose and hurt his knees. Nobody came to help him. Nobody felt sorry for him. Everybody laughed at him.

Motilal was a proud man,
With no friends at all.
Motilal was a rich man,
But he had such a fall.
Motilal felt very bad.
He was very, very sad.
He wished he had been
more friendly. He wished
he hadn't been so proud.



Poor Motilal, the proud
rich man of Timarpur,
was never the same again.

